

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE

52

CAT FIGHT



BENDIS
BAGLEY
THIBERT

MARVEL®

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #52

70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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70 YEARS
MARVEL
COMICS



Fisk Towers

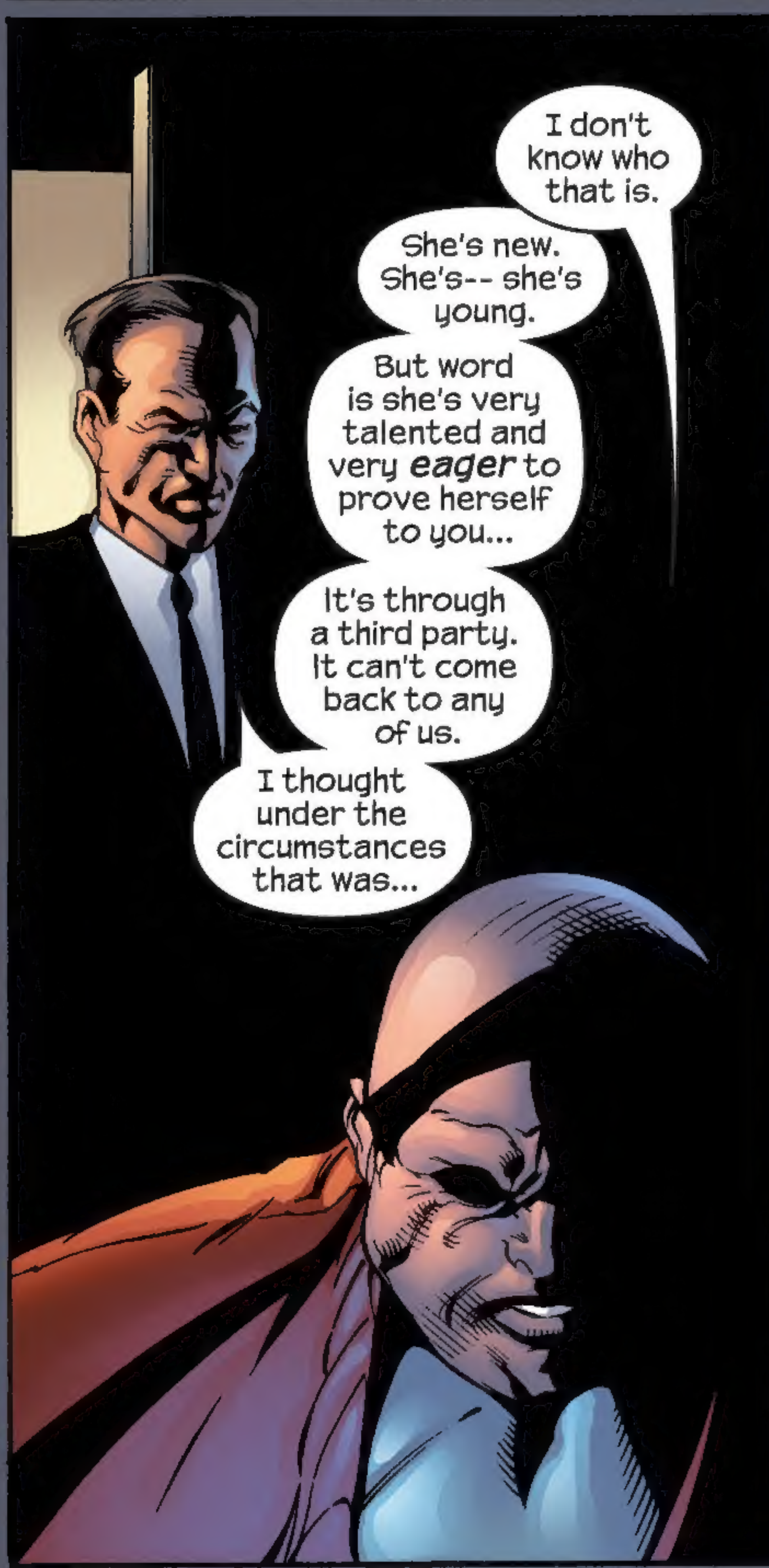


Mr. Fisk?



Mr. Fi--
What do you want, Mr. Dini?

Um, Elektra Natchios, a freelancer, has been assigned to the tablet situation.



I don't know who that is.

She's new. She's-- she's young.

But word is she's very talented and very *eager* to prove herself to you...

It's through a third party. It can't come back to any of us.

I thought under the circumstances that was...



I want this resolved tonight.

I understand.

Sir?

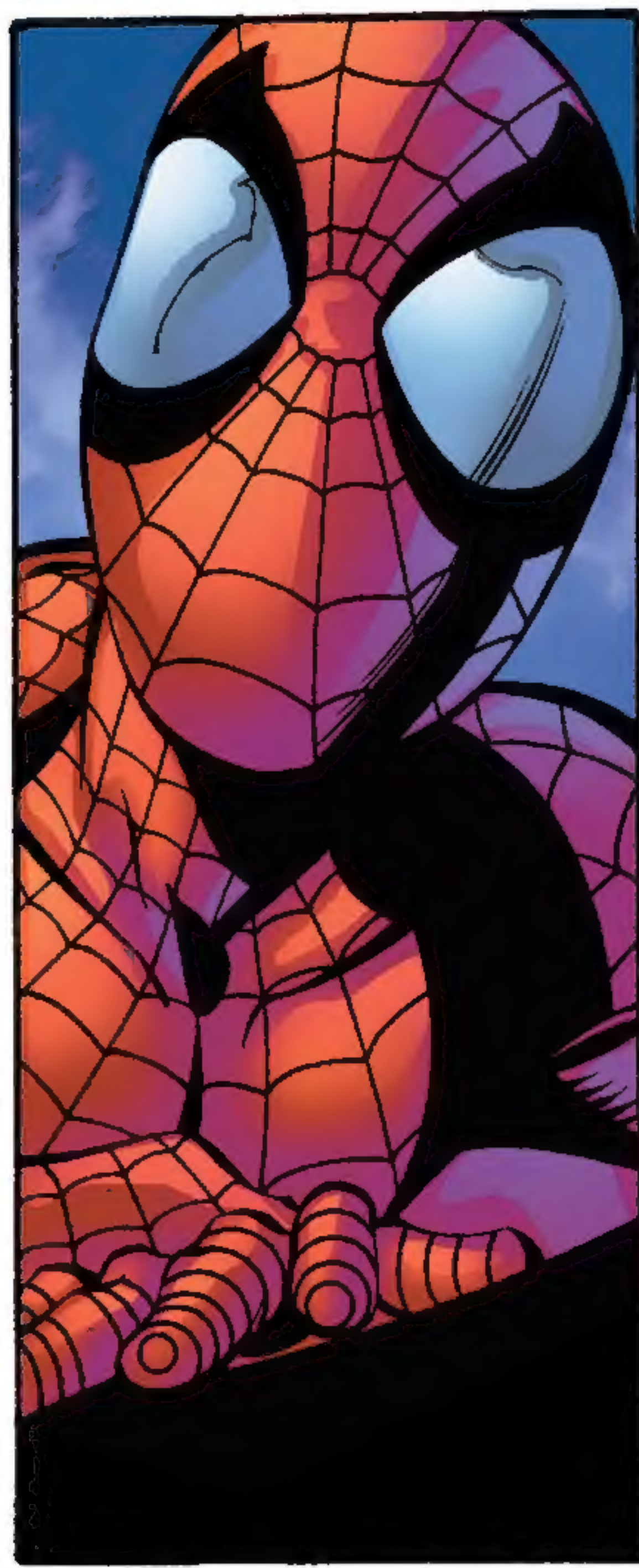
No, you don't.

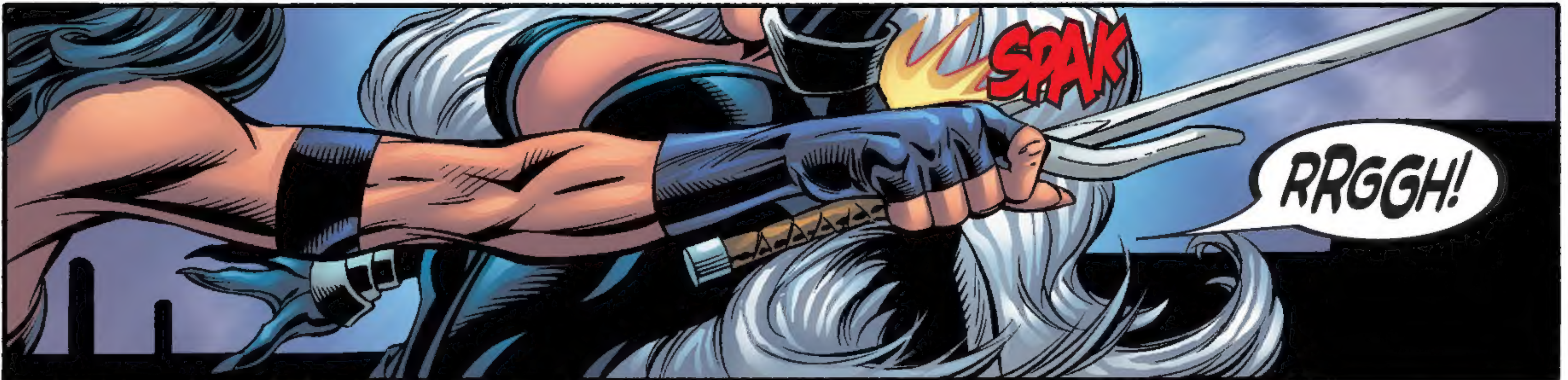
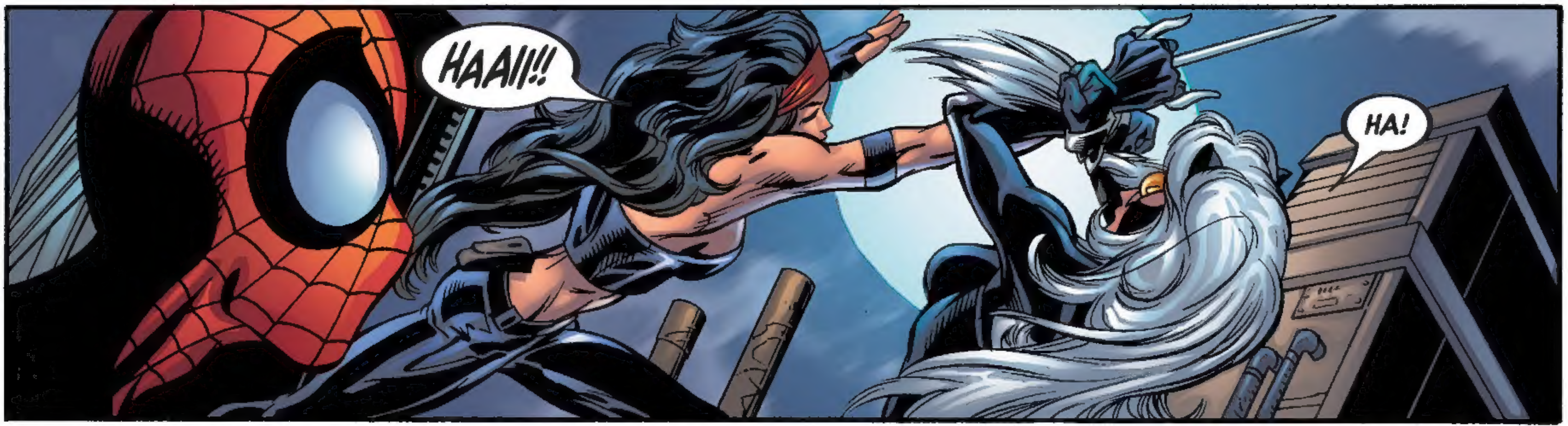


Just get it done.



It's-- yes-- it's happening right now.







Nuts!

What do I do?



This Black Cat *is* a cat burglar-- a thief.

I mean, if I take her side, technically I'm taking a thief's side.

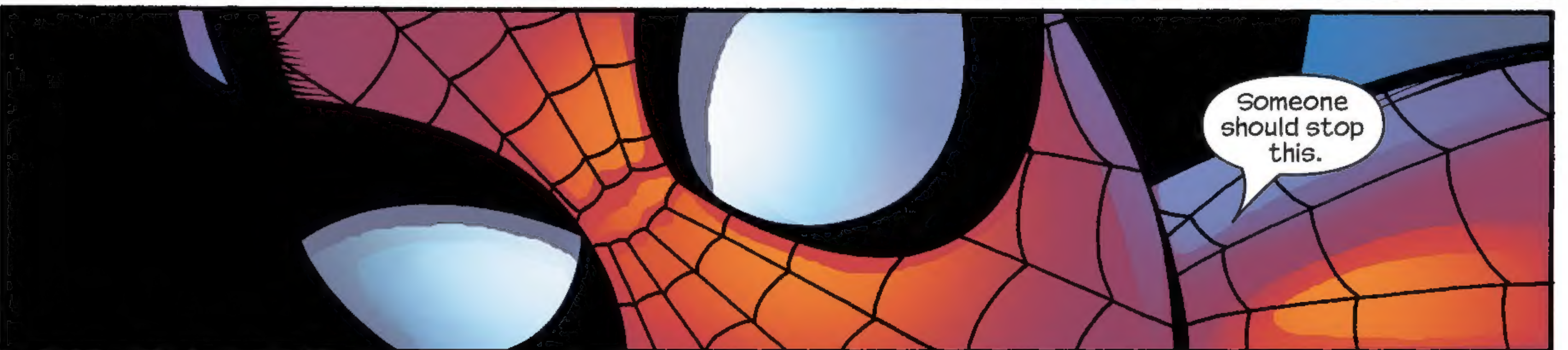
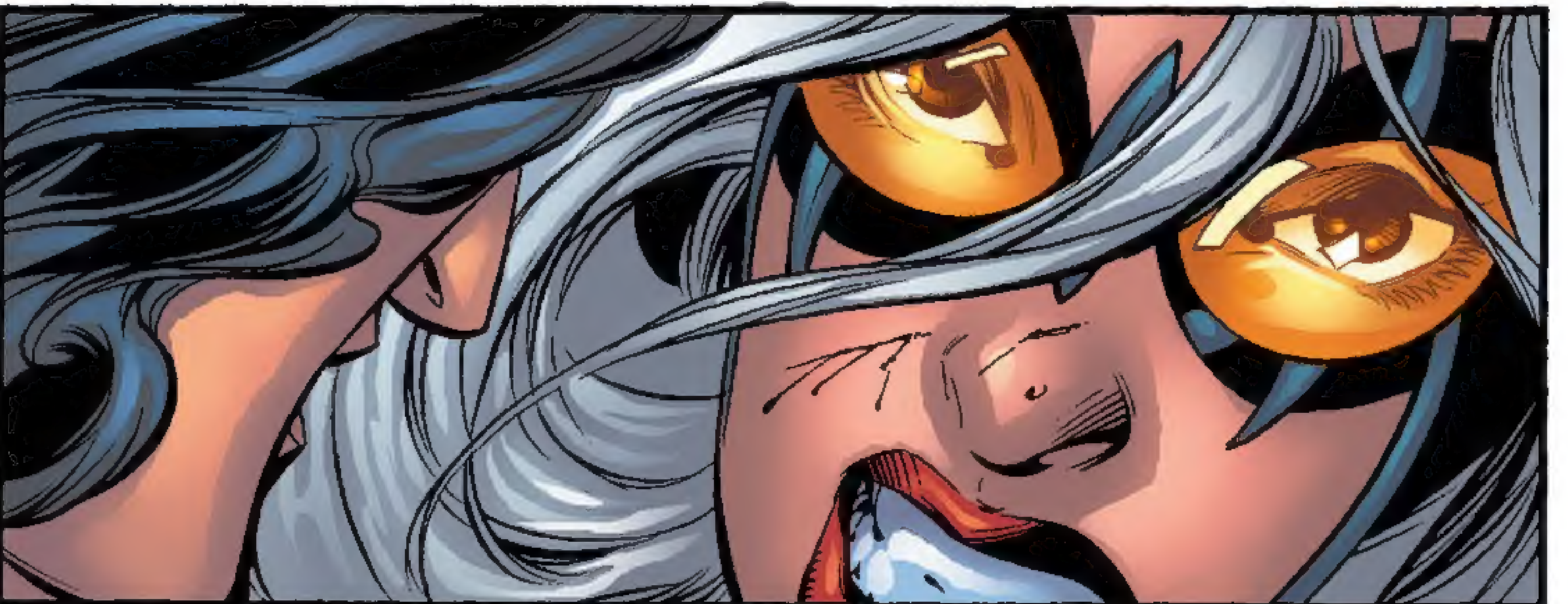
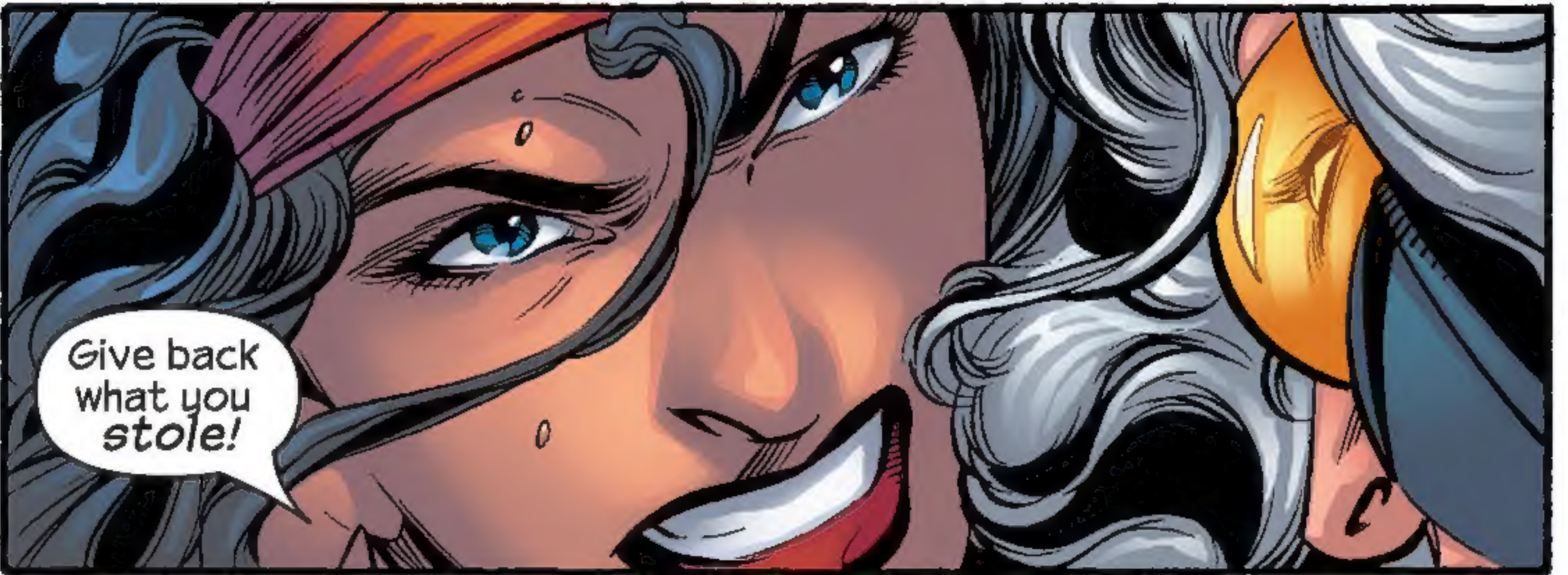
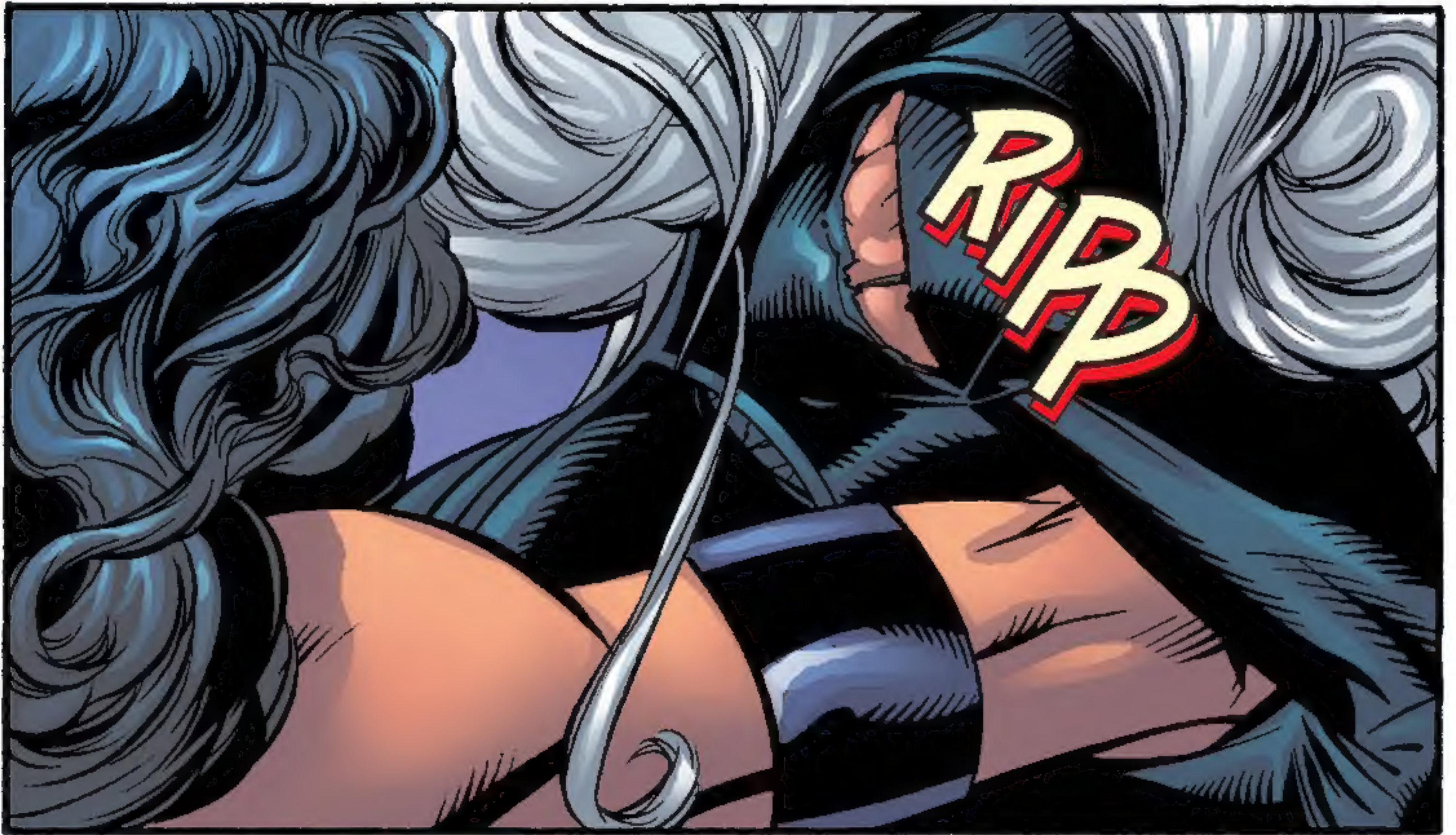
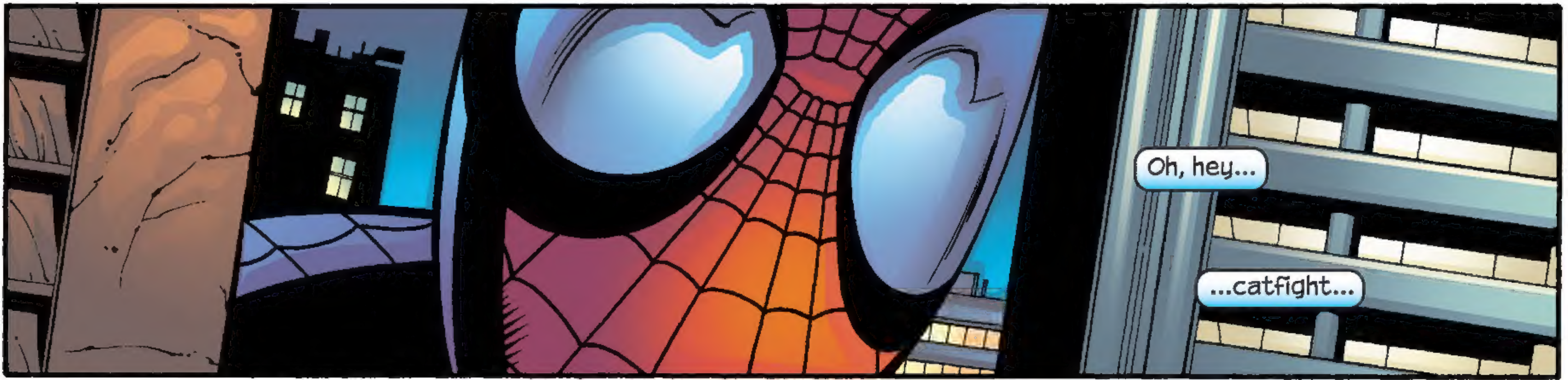
But this other one, who knows who she is or *what* she is doing here.

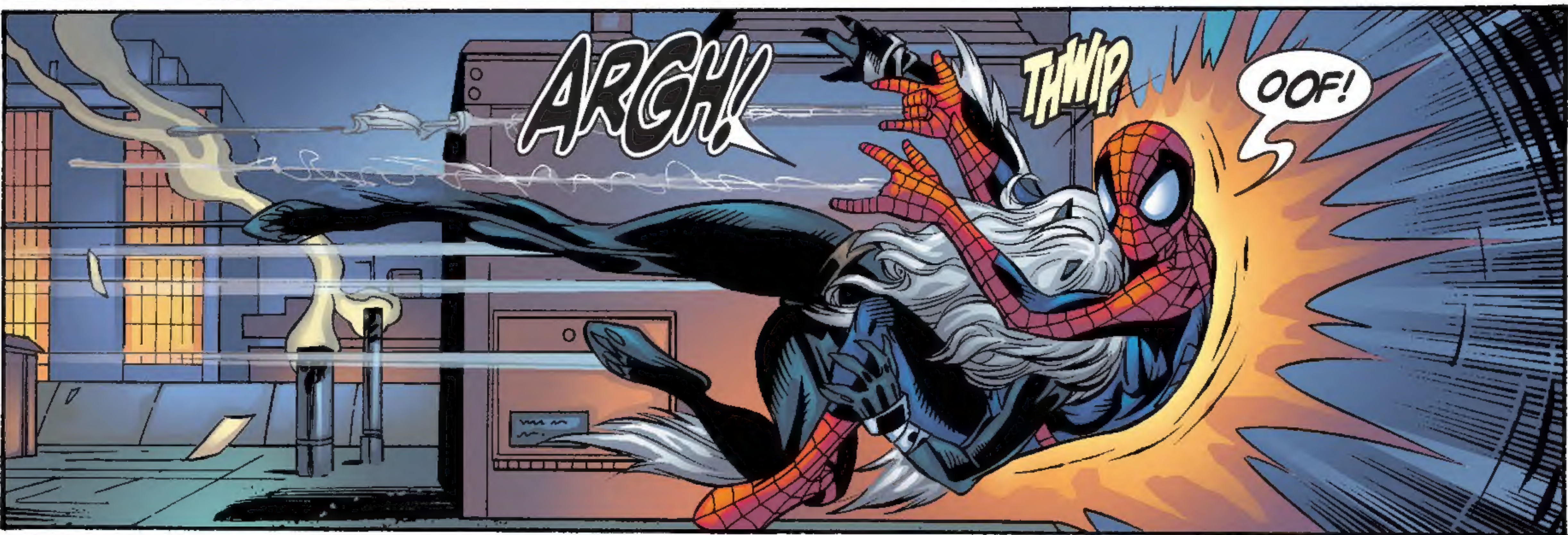
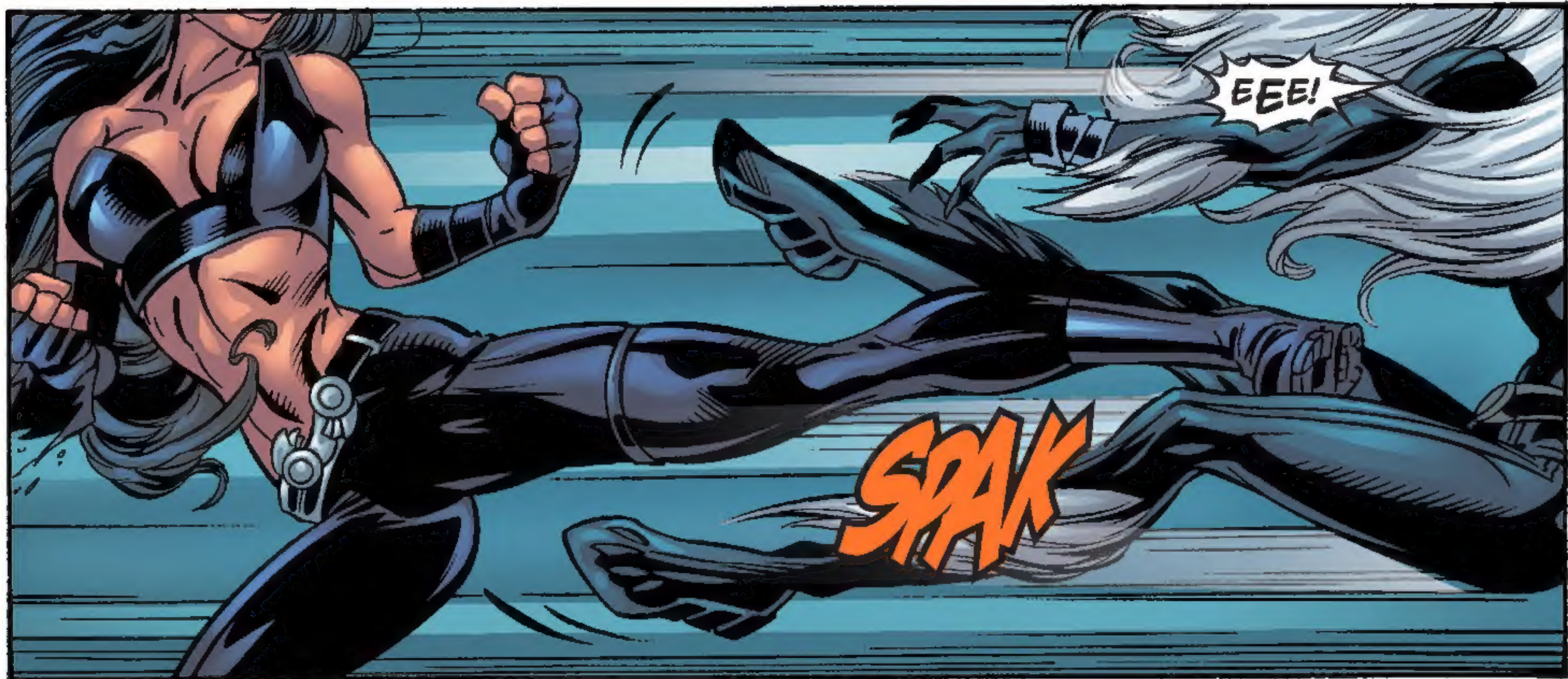
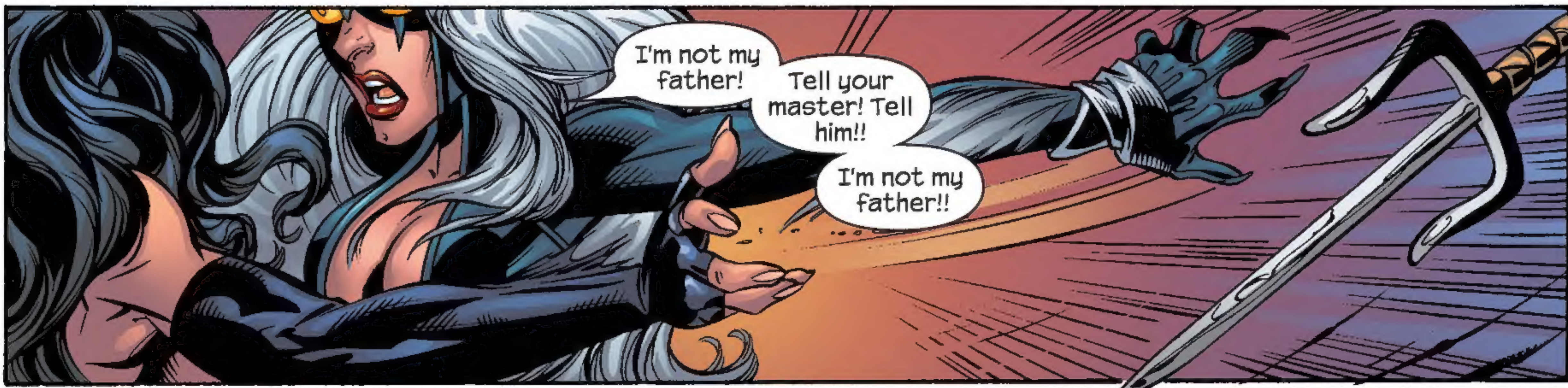
I've picked the wrong side before.

Rrrr-- What do I do?

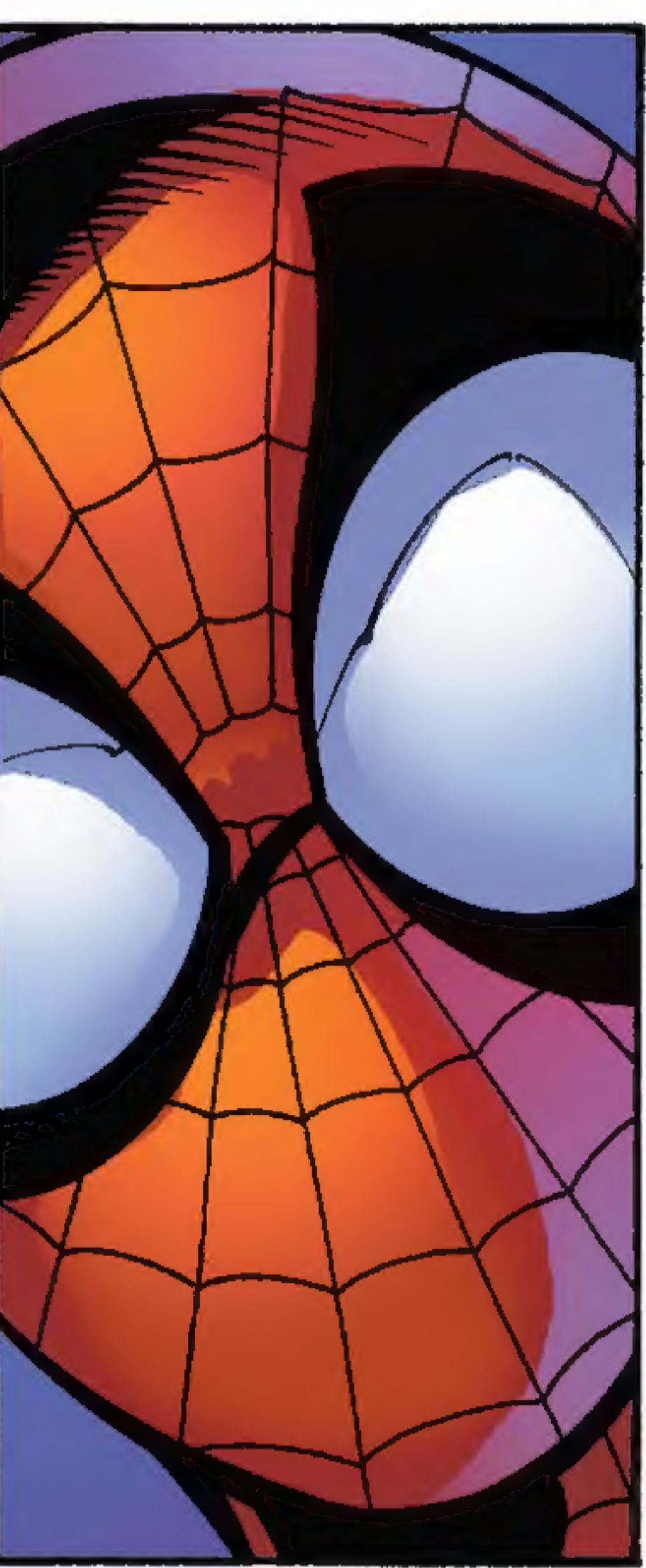
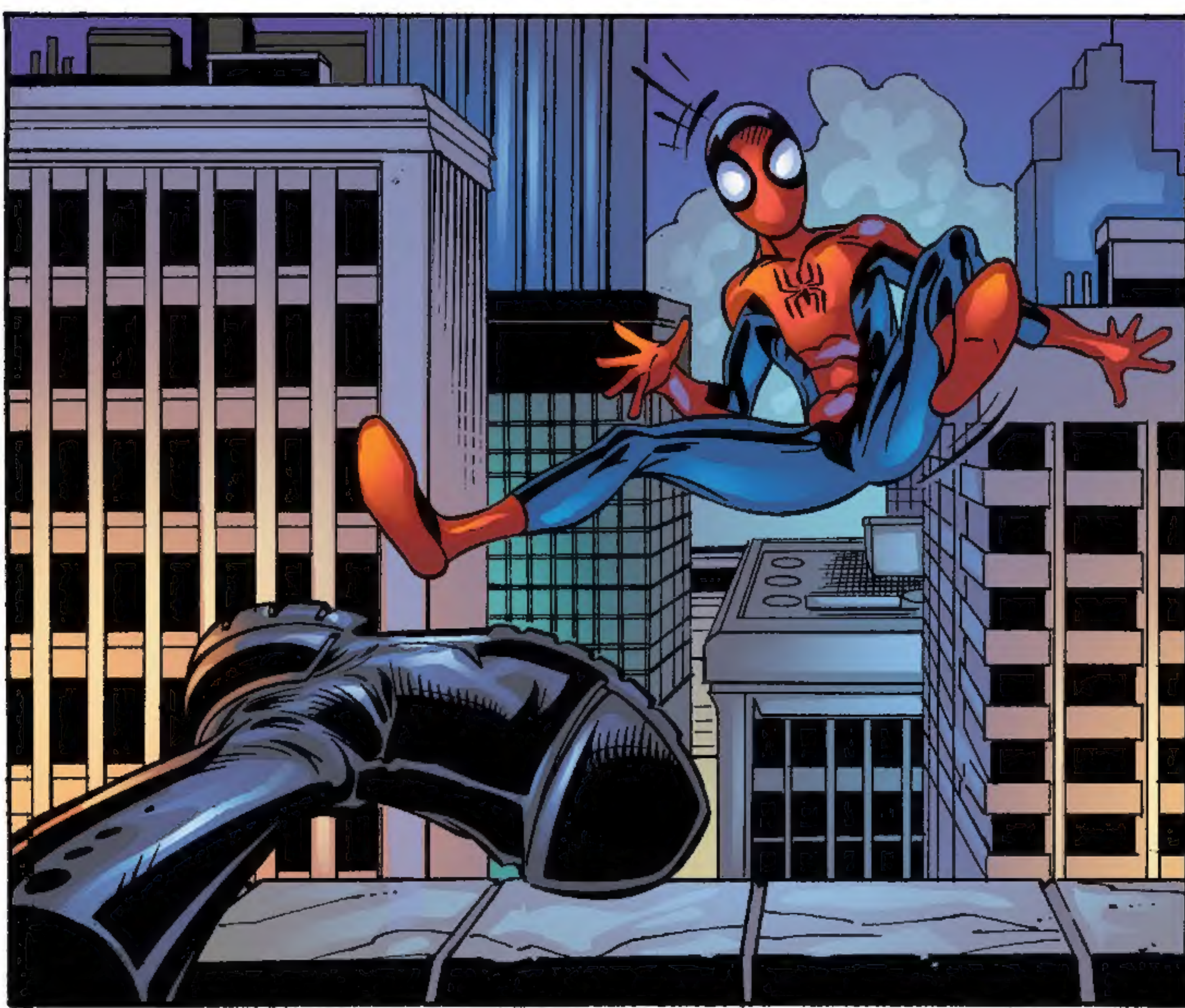
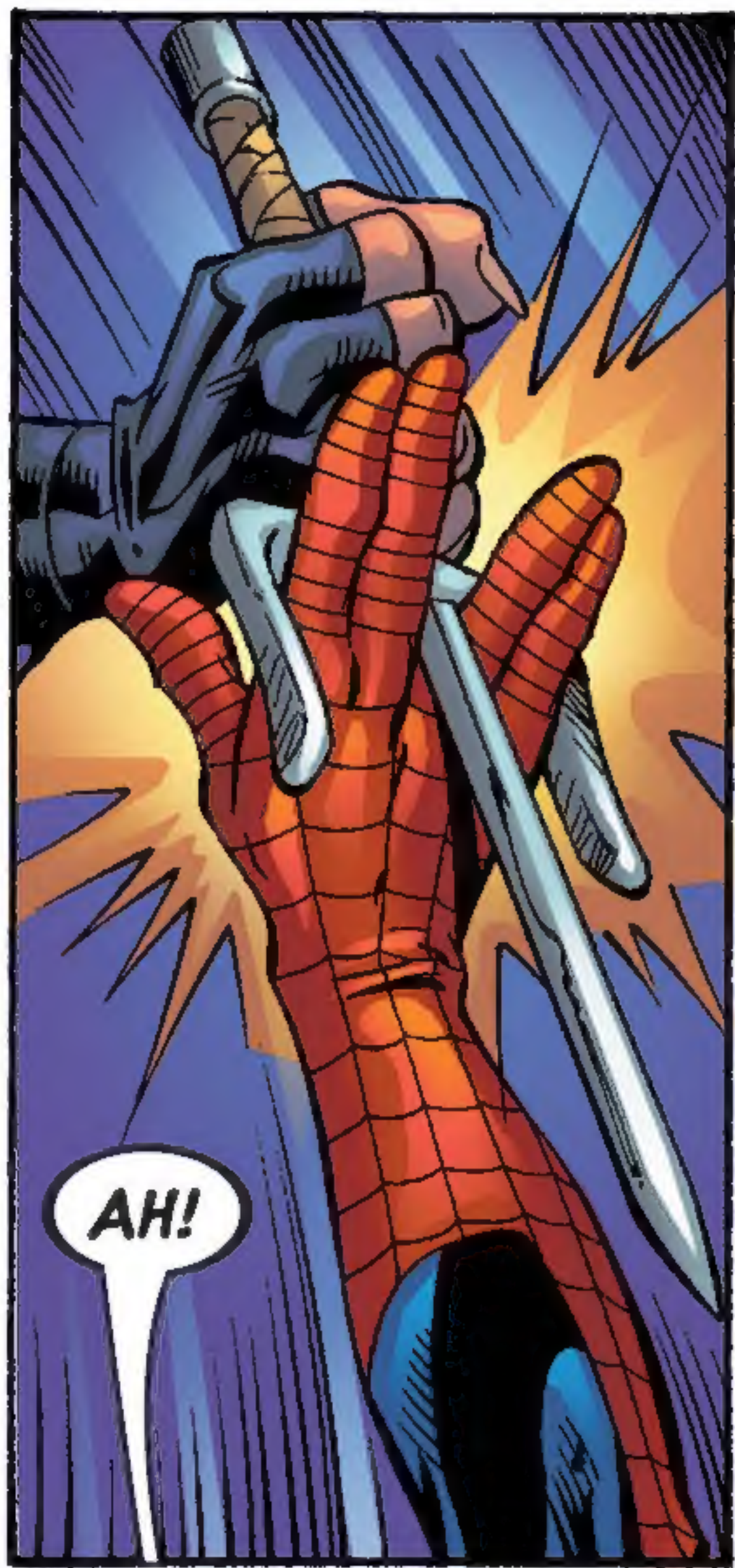
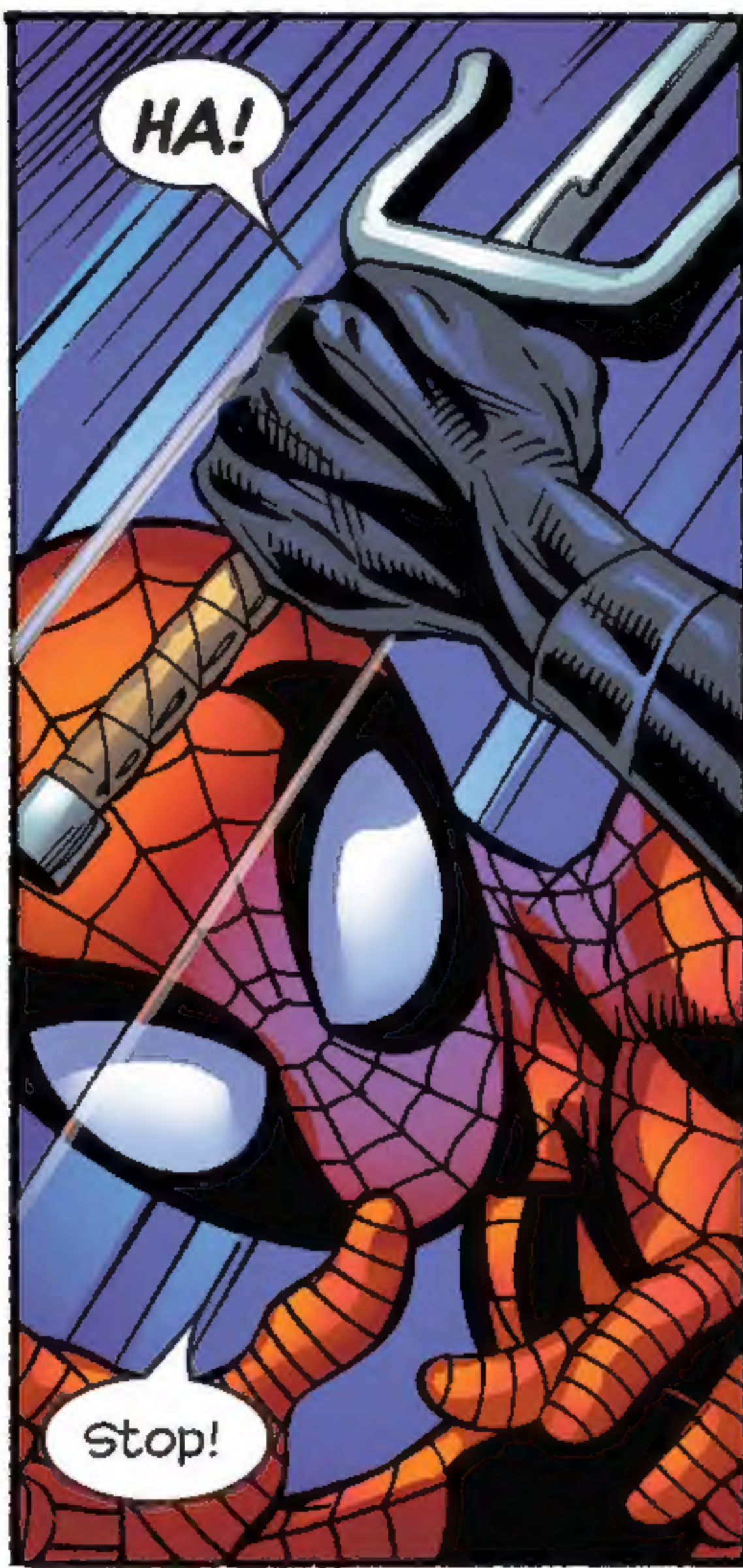
WhatdoIdo?
WhatdoIdo?
WhatdoIdo?



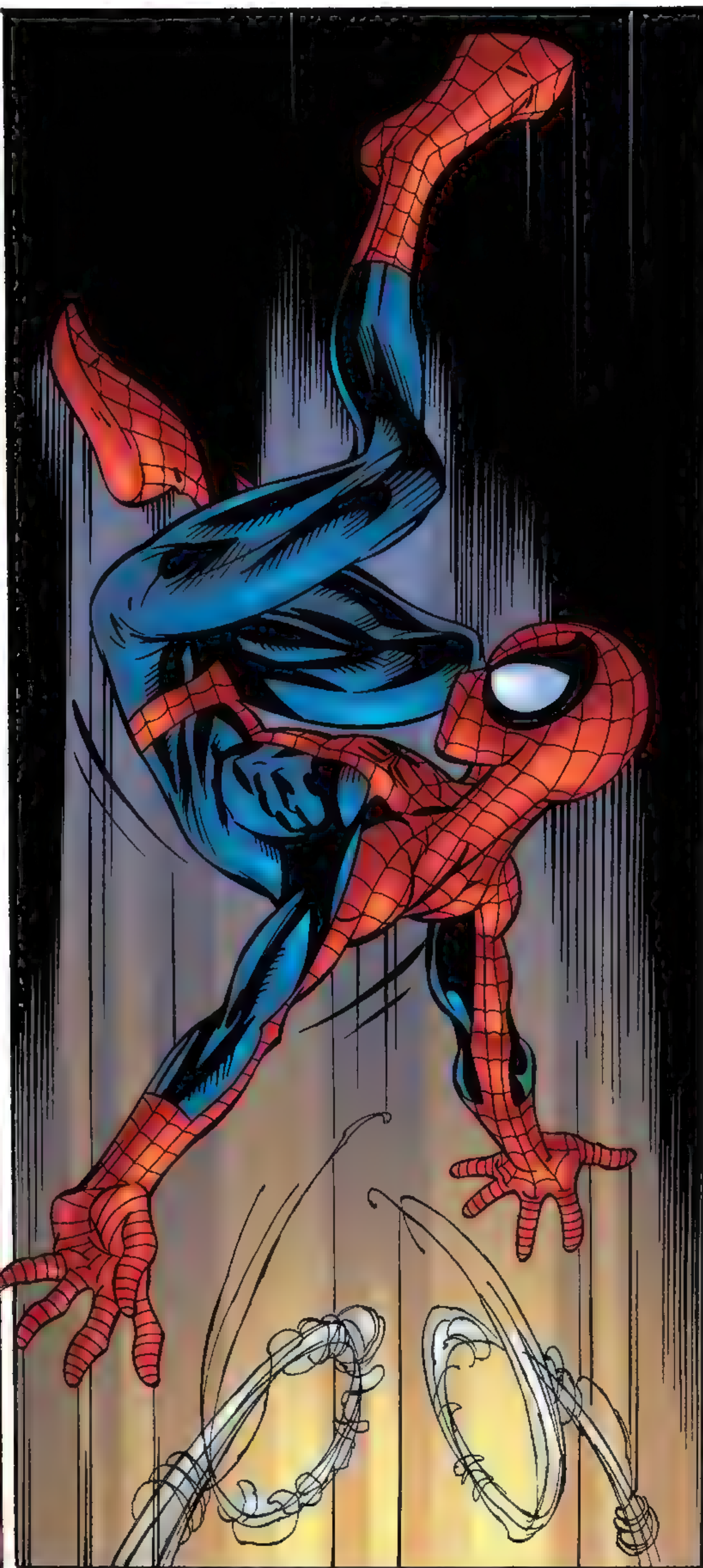
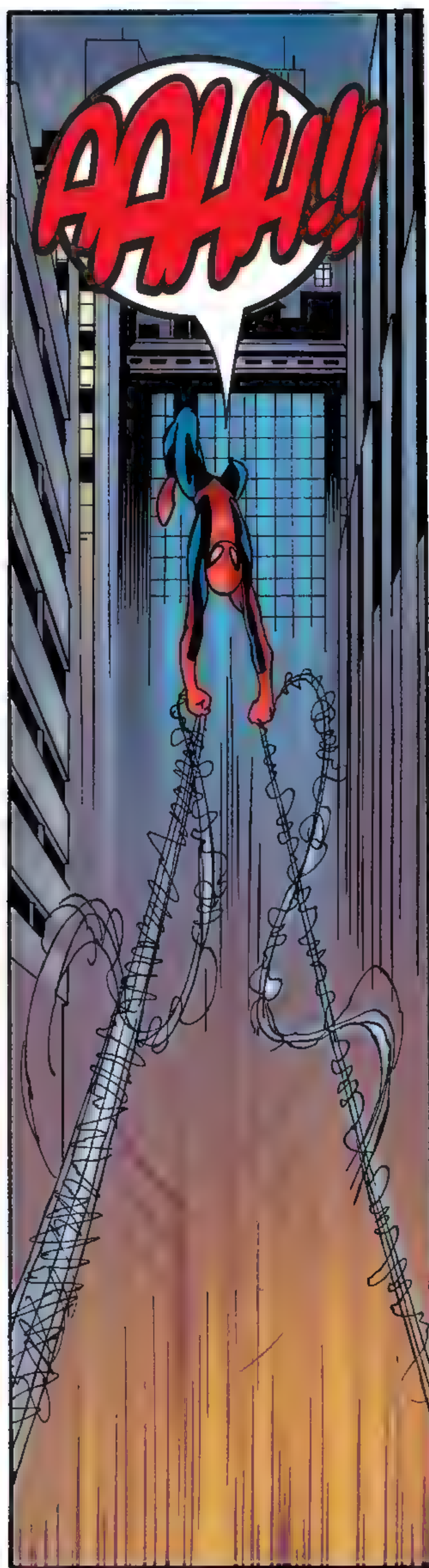
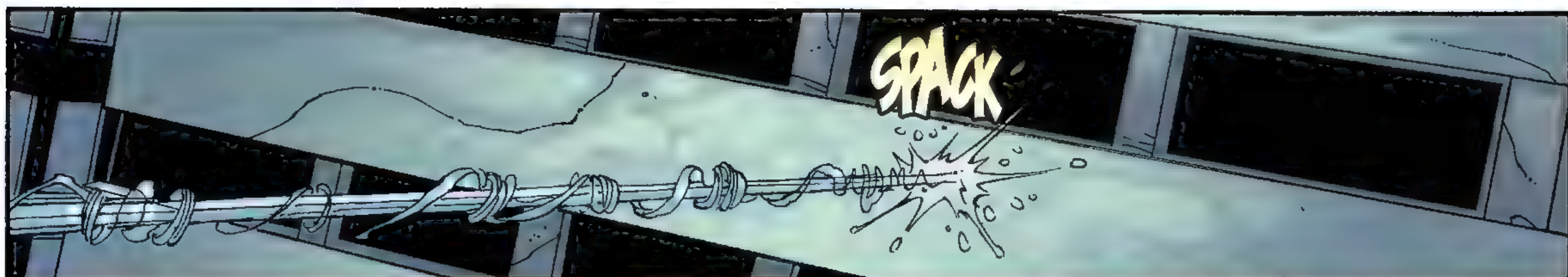
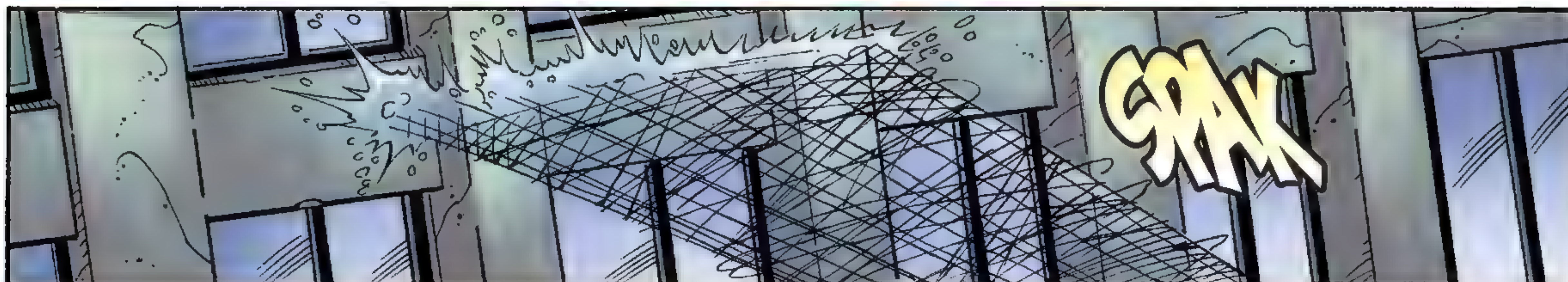
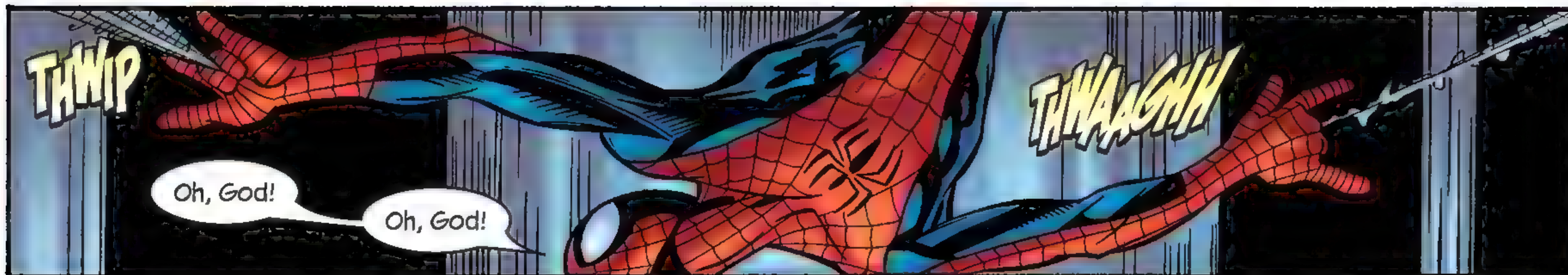




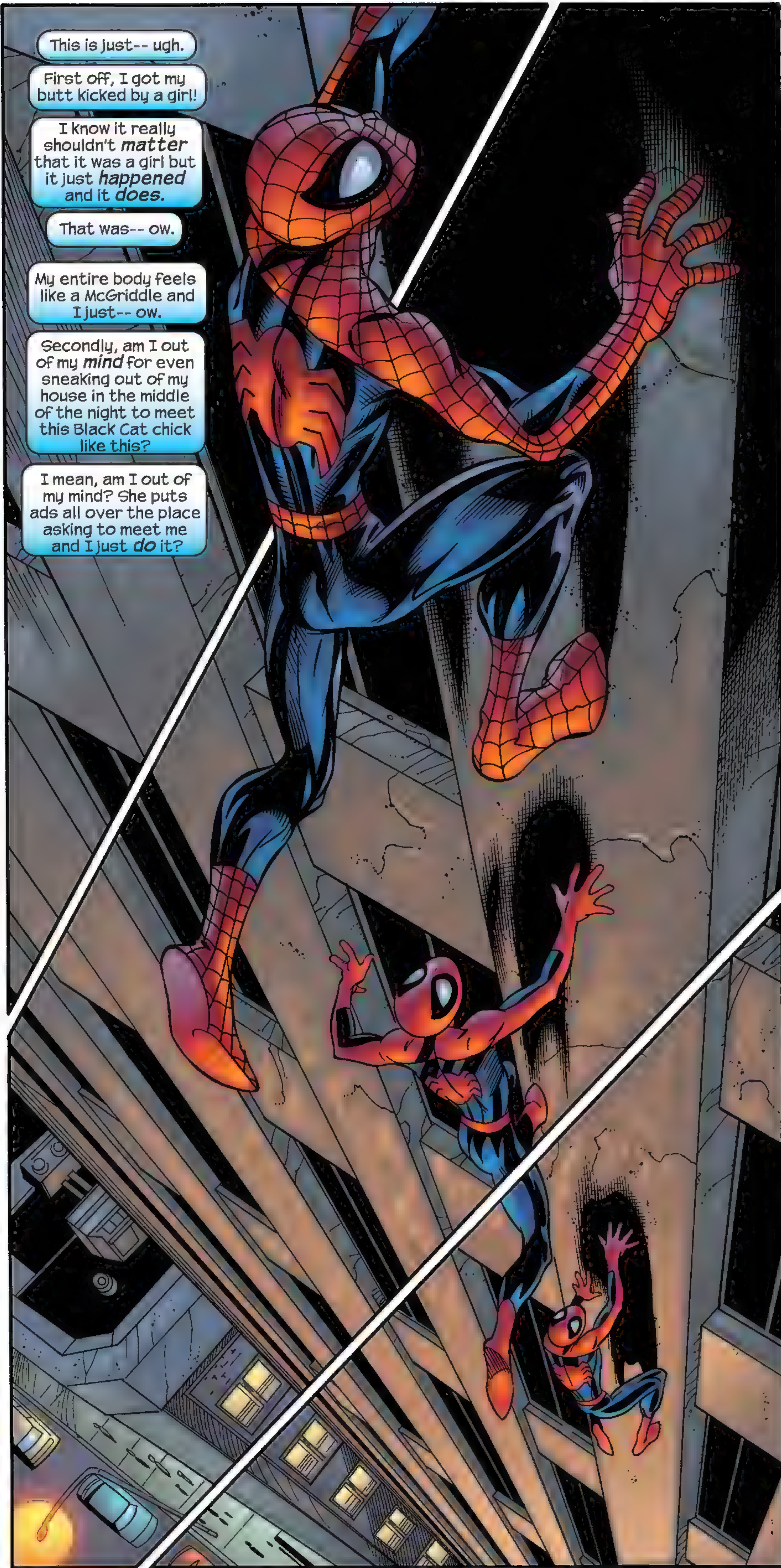












This is just-- ugh.

First off, I got my butt kicked by a girl!

I know it really shouldn't *matter* that it was a girl but it just *happened* and it *does*.

That was-- ow.

My entire body feels like a McGriddle and I just-- ow.

Secondly, am I out of my *mind* for even sneaking out of my house in the middle of the night to meet this Black Cat chick like this?

I mean, am I out of my mind? She puts ads all over the place asking to meet me and I just *do* it?

She's some big cat burglar and I am meeting her in the middle of the night?

How is it she's smart enough to be a cat burglar but she's so stupid that she puts ads in the paper telling everyone with half a brain *where* she is going to be?

I mean, she stole from people, it's all over the news...

And she puts ads out everywhere announcing where she wants to meet me? She's an *idiot*!

No, I'm an idiot for *coming* here.

Got my tuchas kicked so bad.

What is wrong with me? I agree to sit down with her and make all nice-nice.

I *have* a girlfriend!!

And although Mary Jane is clearly as crazy as this girl... I *do have* a girlfriend!

I am just disgusted with myself for getting sucked into all of this to begin with.

I mean, am I actually the lame-o kind of guy who can forget that she's a crazy thief because she looks hot in black leather or whatever that shiny material is?

Well, clearly I *am* that kind of guy! But that is *really* disappointing to find out.

And I have a girlfriend!

What was she thinking? What was I thinking?

And I don't know what I am going to do when I get back up to this roof.

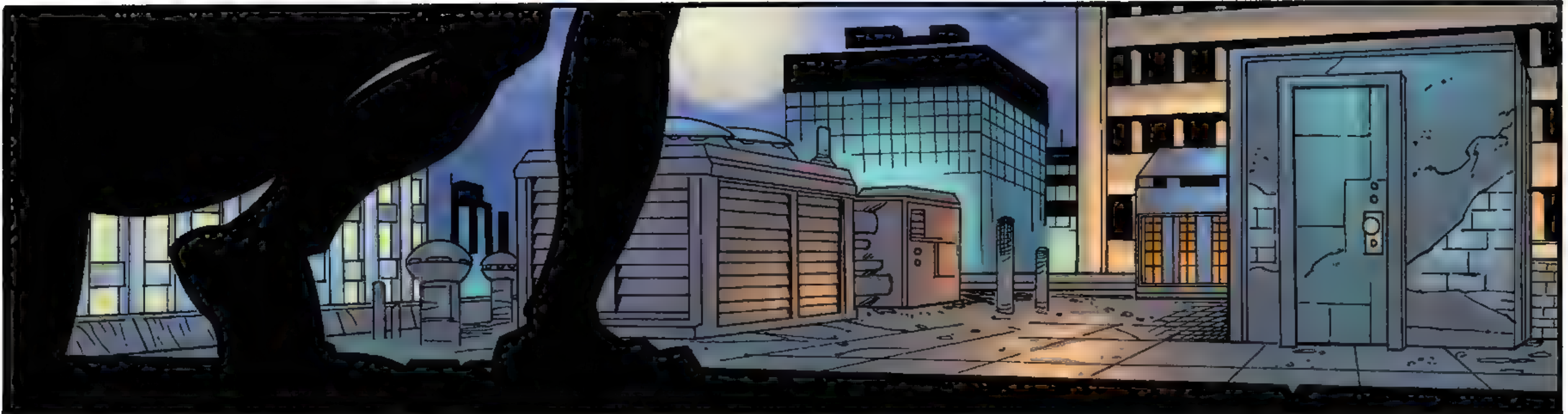
It's not like I have any fight left in me. My arm is throbbing. I think I pulled a leg out of its socket.

My nose is bleeding, or my mouth. Something on my face is bleeding. I bent my pinky. I bit my tongue.

And those two probably *killed* each other already or they decided to team up and kill *me* and are just waiting for me to get back up so they can...



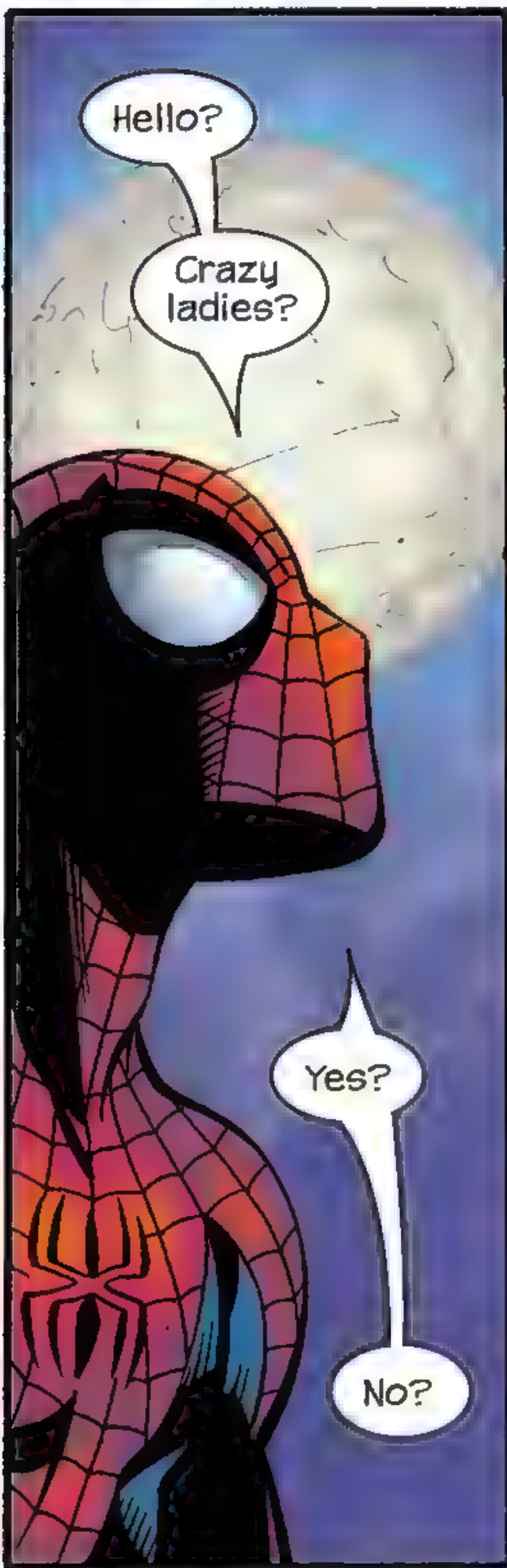
Either way I have nothing left to give to this little...



Well, that's just great.

Now, I miss them.

I need professional help.

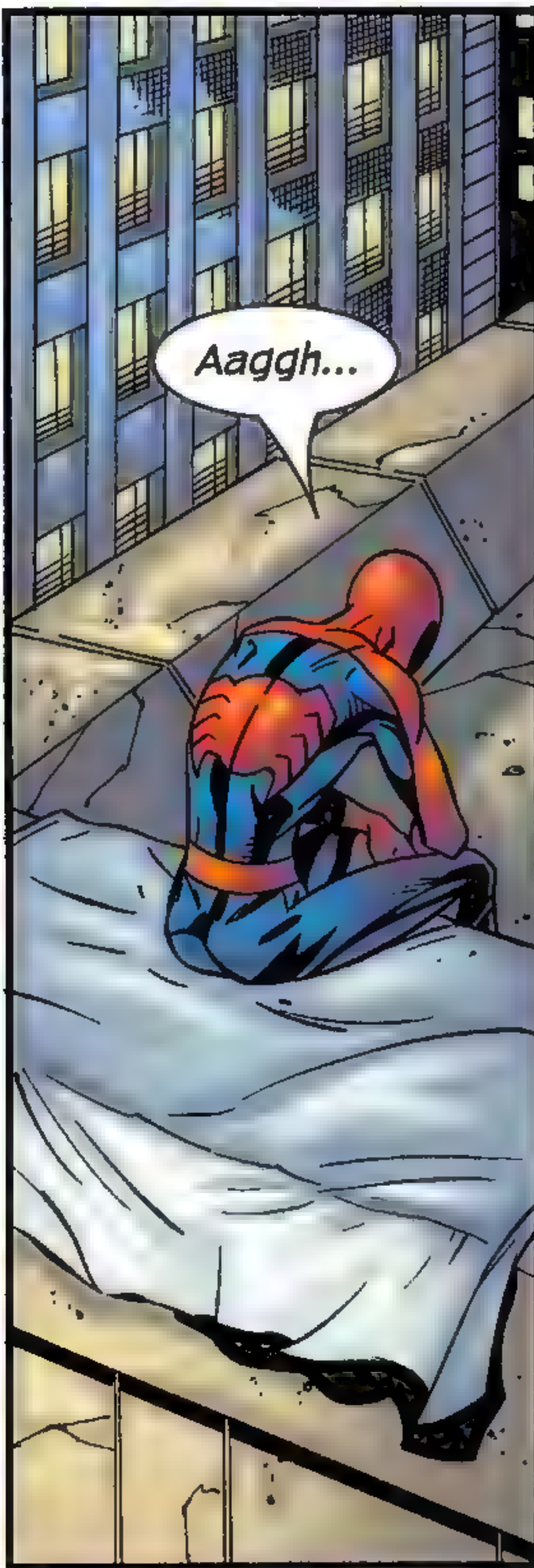


Hello?

Crazy ladies?

Yes?

No?



Aaggh...



Aaggh...



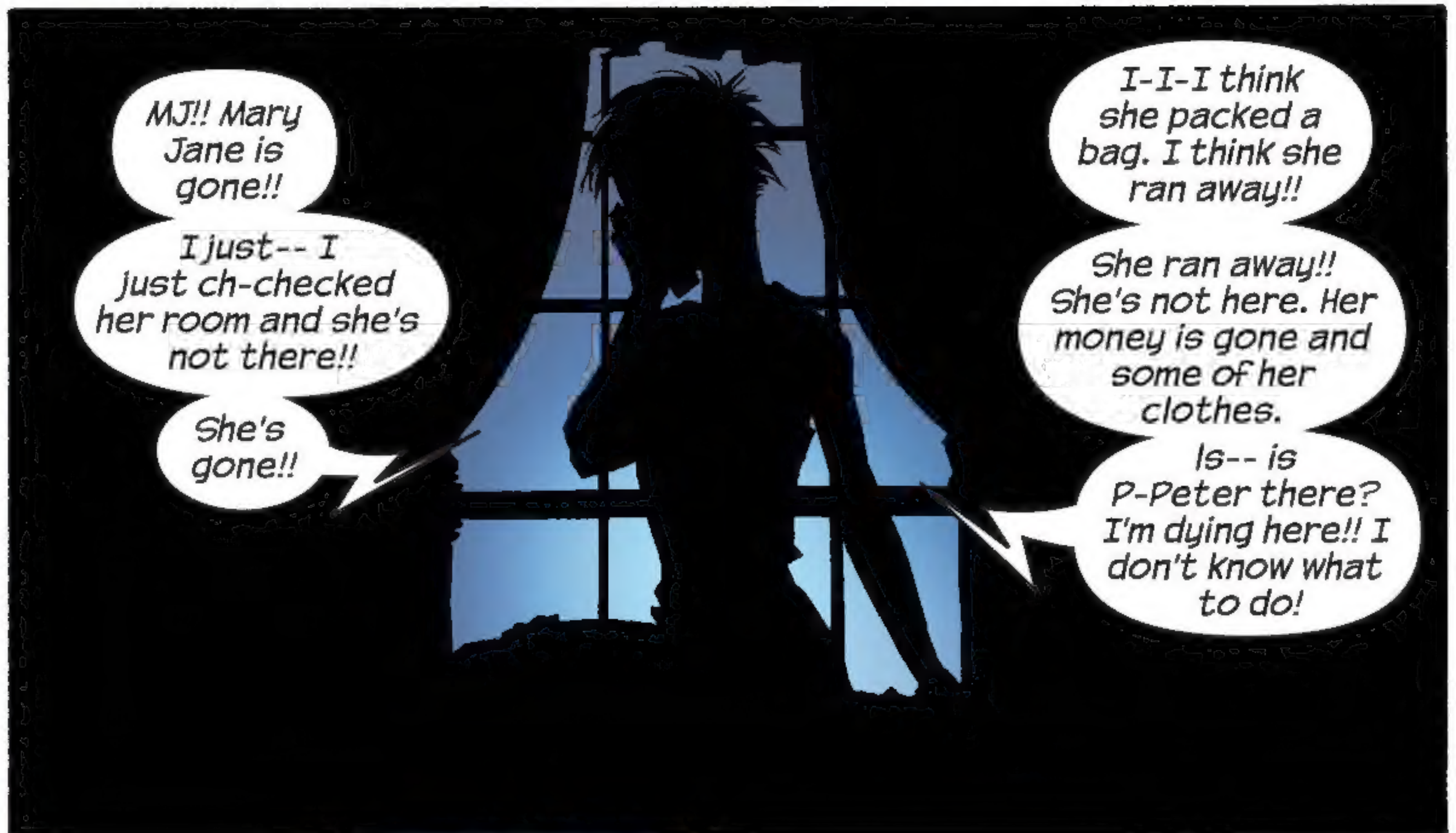
Ah...

This is nice.

Sleepy time is nice.









SON OF

VULTURON